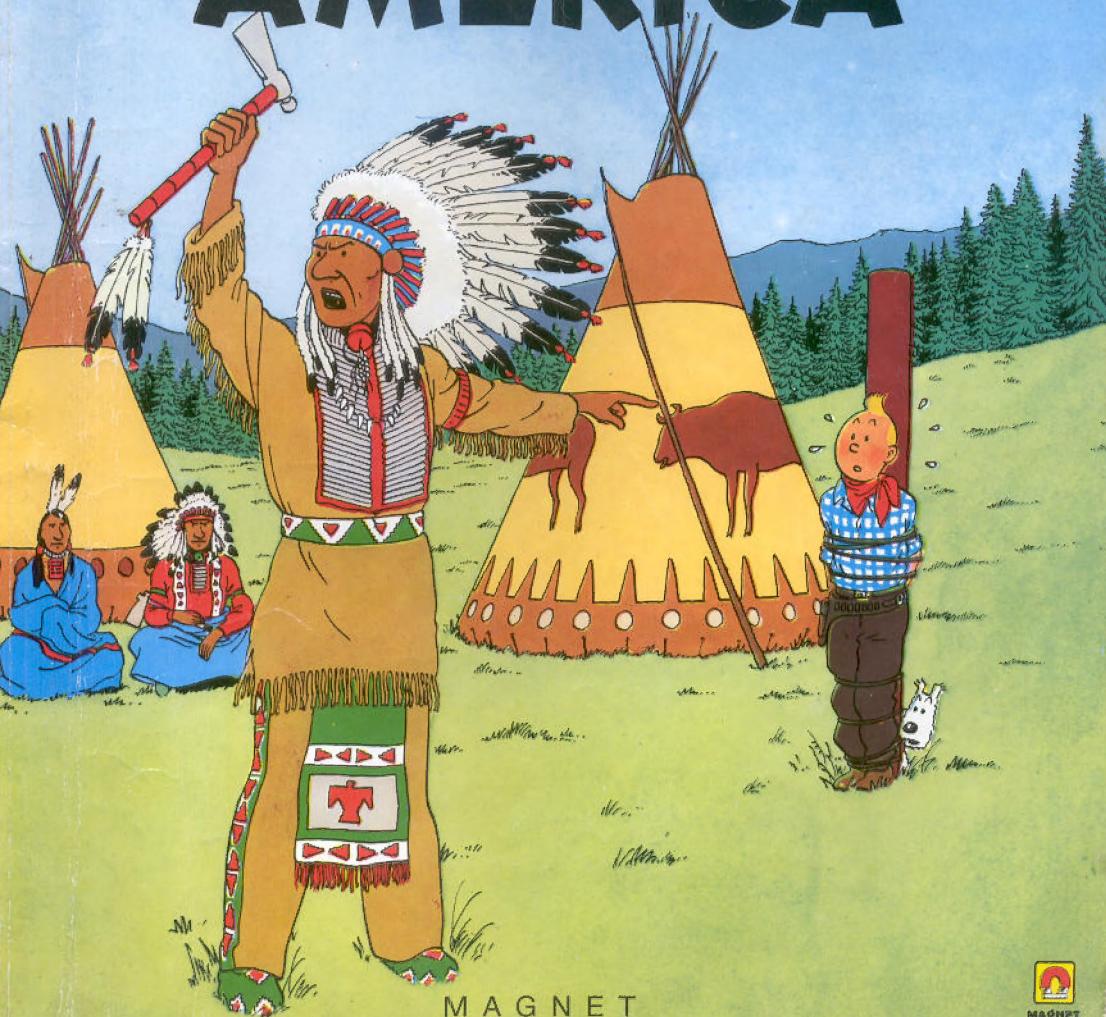


- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

# TINTIN IN AMERICA



MAGNET



MAGNET

# TINTIN IN AMERICA

Chicago, 1931, when gangster bosses ruled the city...



Right, you guys, listen, and listen good... Tintin, world reporter number one is coming here to clean up. That's tough on us, and I'm not kidding! He busted my diamond racket in the Congo and landed my pals in the cooler... So here's the score: not one single day does he spend in Chicago... OK?



Here we are, Snowy! ... Chicago!



We'll go straight to the hotel.



The Osborne Hotel, please ...



There you go!



Shutters down! ... Sucker's walked right into the trap!



Hey, what's the game?... We're locked in!... And these shutters are made of steel!

We're stymied then. Even I can't chew through those!



Come on, come on!... I gotta hurry up...



Have a good trip! Lucky I packed the right kit... He'll go through the roof when he finds I cut my way out!



Trust me to be in the land of the automobile and have to slog ten miles on foot!...



We're in luck! Here comes a police patrol...



Quick, can you catch that car you just passed, and arrest the driver? He tried to kidnap me!

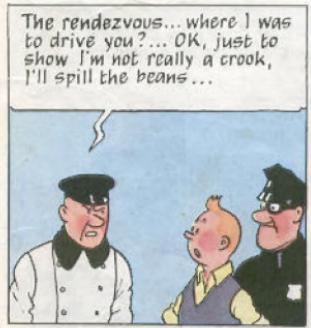
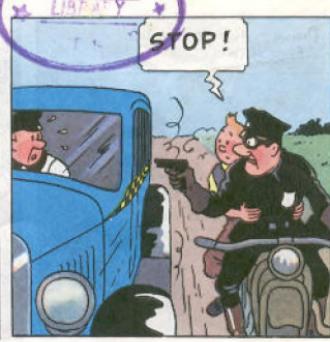


Just keep still, Snowy, and don't be frightened...



This way we'll soon overtake that gangster!



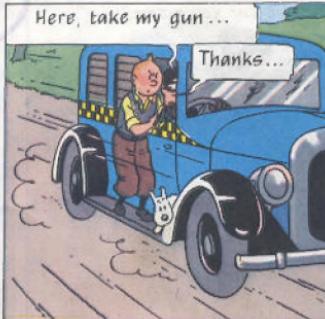


Quick, all into the car!  
After him!



Here, take my gun...

Thanks...



We're approaching the city...  
Don't lose sight of him...



If Butch isn't on the lookout  
with his car, I'm a dead duck!

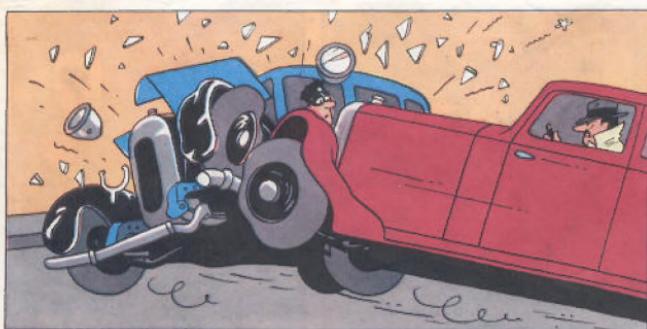


OK, let her go!

Saved!



A cab driven by the cops...  
hit side on by another car...



Say, what  
a mess!

Some  
crash!



DING  
DING  
DING

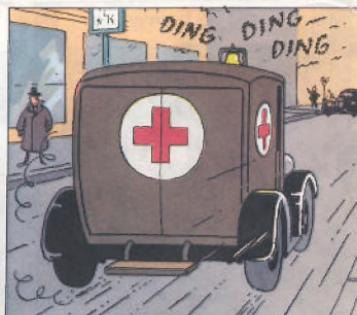


Gee! The poor kid...

He looks so young...



DING DING DING



Some days later...

HOSP

I'm glad to be back on my feet again. It could have been much worse...

Fresh air at last! I feel better already!

Rush hour!

What does a dog do in Chicago when he wants to cross?

?

?



So! The famous reporter!...

A little kid with big ideas, like he's gonna make war on Al Capone... On me, the King of Chicago!



You done a good job. Here's the dough.



And that's for you. Now, just get that little squirt out of my hair, permanently!



No way to outsmart him... This time I'm done for!

Quick, not a moment to lose!

One...

Two...

Three!!

Thanks, Snowy! You've saved my life... again!

Did you see that?... Knocked him stone cold!

Now, let's see what goes on in here... Maybe there's some way to nail the whole bunch of cut-throats...

What about letting me go for the police?

Whatta... whatta hit me?

I getta my own back... Sure as my name Pietro!

I losta my gun, but this make justa gooda weapon...

What are they saying?

Can you hear anything?



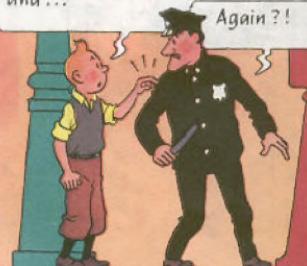
What happened to the paddy-wagon?  
It should be here by now...

Why... why did  
he have to knock  
me out?



Hey, officer, what's this all about?  
I tell you, I've captured Al Capone  
and...

Again?!



...So along comes this chap and unites the others. I tried to stop him... But even Snowy the Champ knows when he's beaten at four to one, so I hopped it. I picked up the Tintin trail, and here we are!

You're a brave fellow, Snowy... and clever!

The hotel at last... We should have been here days ago.

Golly! It's a Palace!

Ah, there you are Mr. Tintin... We feared we weren't going to see you. But we kept your reservation...

Thank you, I'd have been here sooner, but I was delayed.

Aha! He's arrived. I must tell the boss right away!

You're on the thirty-seventh Floor, sir.

Good.

This is your room, Mr. Tintin.

Thanks.

Hello?... A letter for me?

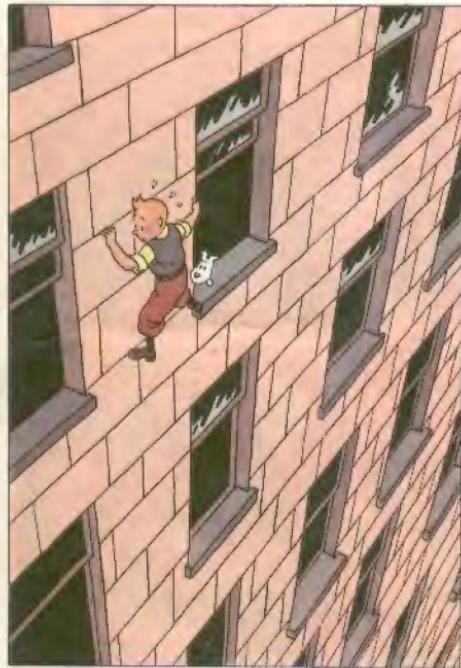


Tintin:  
I'm warning you one last time. There's a train to New York in the morning at 11.55. Be on it. Then take a boat to Europe. Quit Chicago by noon tomorrow, or your life won't be worth a plug nickel...

That, Mr. Al Capone, is what I think of your threats.

Next day, at 11.55 am...







My dear Mr. Tintin, this is a pleasure! I'm glad to meet you. Do please sit down... Have a cigar?... No?... Then I'll come straight to the point ...



I'm Bobby Smiles, boss of the rival gangs fighting Al Capone and his mob. I'm hiring you at \$2000 a month to help me bring him down. If you rub Capone out yourself, there's a bonus of twenty grand... Agreed?... Here's your contract. Sign there.



Get your hands up, you crook!... And I'll take care of that paper... Just remember, I came to Chicago to clean the place up, not to become a gangster's stooge!



So I'll make a start by arresting you!



Marvellous little gadget, just under my foot!



I've been tricked... and now I'm trapped... Ugh! Smoke!... What a peculiar smell... It's like...



Help! It's gas!... They mean to kill me... Quick, my handkerchief!



Useless!... I'm done for!... I'm choking... My lungs... they're burning...



There he is, Nick!... O. XZ2 gas sure does knock 'em out!



To the waterfront, fast. Lake Michigan for him!



No one here. All clear, Nick, bring him along!



Give him a swing!... One...  
two...



Three!



That's taken care of him.  
Let's go!



Alcatraz!! Go right back where you came from! You used the wrong gas!... You gave him 24 sleeping-gas... Cold water will waken him up. Go and finish him off!



If you see him, don't miss, hush?



Quit  
worrying!

Reach for it,  
pals!



Lay down your guns !



Move one muscle, and I'll blow your brains out!



Thanks!... Much obliged, since I hadn't a gun of my own...



WANG

I don't wanna die!

Don't worry,  
I'm just calling  
the cops...



What's going on here?

Ah, could you take delivery of these two solid citizens? They're dangerous criminals...



Next morning ...

CHICAGO TRIBUNE!...  
Reporter grabs gangsters!...  
Sensation!... Read all about it!...  
Full story!... Get your Chicago Tribune here!

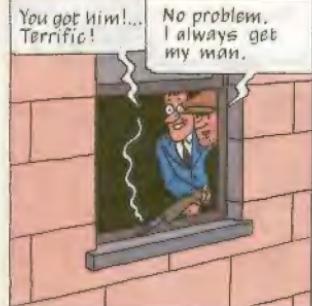


See?... That's him, sitting there in the armchair... with a dog by him. Take good aim, and let him have it... every bullet you've got... And listen, fella... don't miss!



You got him!... Terrific!

No problem.  
I always get my man.



How much do I owe you?

Usual fee. No extras.  
Thousand dollars.



Hope I've given satisfaction.  
Sorry I can't stay; got three more clients to take care of this morning... So long!

Goodbye!



How about that, Snowy? Wasn't I right to keep away from the windows? Those dummies I used are peppered with holes... custom-made colanders!

Dead right!... It strikes me... Wouldn't it be a good idea... if those dummies did the whole job, instead of us?

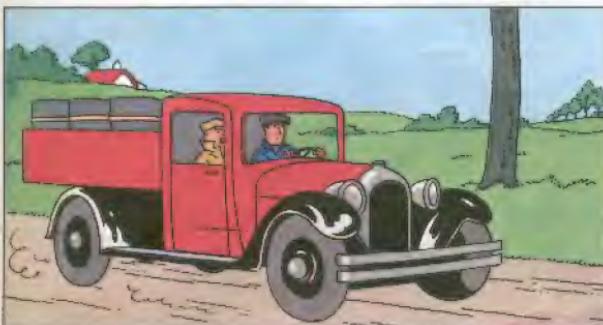
Now they think they've disposed of me, I'm going to arrange a little surprise for our gangster pals...

Using dummies again... I hope!

Next morning...

Listen, Bobby. I just heard the Coconut mob are doing a job this afternoon, running a load of whisky, hidden in gasoline drums. How's about it?

Simple!... We grab it!



You did a fine job, Mr. Tintin  
... a fine job!  
Thanks to you, we've  
landed a really big fish.  
I ...



Hey! What's that?



See ya, fellas!



Suffering catfish! Getting  
away under my very nose!  
And Bobby Smiles, too, the  
big boss!

Don't worry, I'll  
bring Bobby Smiles  
to justice!



A few days later...

These two telegrams are about  
Bobby Smiles. They say he's  
been seen in Redskin City, a  
small place near the Indian  
Reservations. Come on Snowy;  
it's Redskin City for us!

But... but... You don't  
really mean us to  
go into Indian  
country, do you Tintin?



Two whole days on the train! ...  
Oh well, we're here at last, and  
that's what matters!

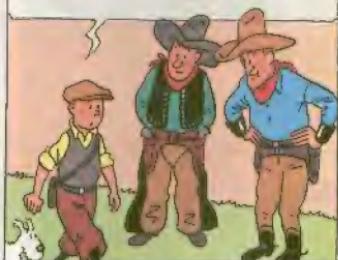
REDSKIN  
CITY



Just look, Snowy...  
A real Red Indian...



I have a feeling we look a bit out  
of place here, Snowy...



You wait there, I'm going  
to buy an outfit.

Redskin dogs!  
OK, so I'm a  
paleface...  
Haven't you red-  
skins ever seen  
one before?



It's the very latest fashion... cartridge  
belt slung to the right... Last winter's  
models, all to the  
left...

Good. Just what I want!



The boss won't like this one little bit!



Boss! ...  
Boss! ...



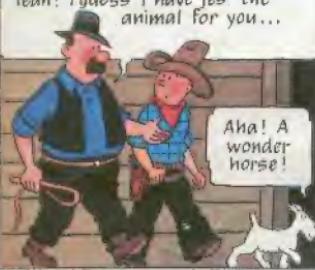
Boss!... Watch out! I just saw Tintin in town. I'm sure he's come looking for you!...

Alcazar!!



Meanwhile...

Yeah! I guess I have jes' the animal for you...



Aha! A wonder horse!

There, she's a nice quiet gal. Name of Beatrice.



Hello, Beatrice!



That suit you OK?

Yes, thanks. It doesn't seem quite so... fresh!



Right, Snowy! Lead me to the gangster hideout!



Boss!... Watch out! I just saw Tintin in town. I'm sure he's come looking for you!...

Alcazar!!



We've arrived. I smell gangsters!



Hands up!



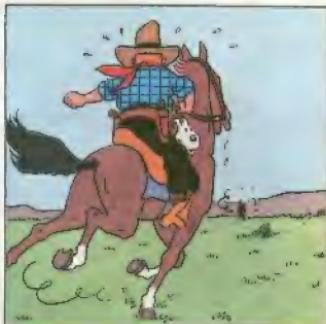
No one here?



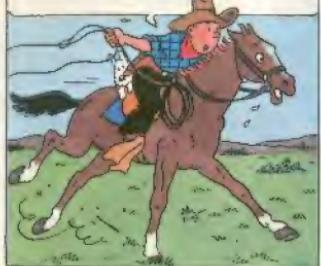
Look! There he goes!...Escaping on a horse... someone must have tipped him off when I arrived in town...



OK, Bobby Smiles, we're right behind you!



You can't escape, my friend! I'll truss you like a turkey!



Tintin! Watch out! You've roped your own horse!



Ha! ha! ha! That'll teach you to play cowboys! By the time he's managed to untangle himself I'll be far away!



Sing Sing!... Redskins! How do I talk myself out of this one?



How! Mighty Sachem, I come in peace!



Mighty Sachem, I come to warn you. A young white warrior is riding this way. His heart is full of hate and his tongue is forked! Beware of him, for he seeks to steal the hunting grounds of the noble Blackfeet. I have spoken!...



Hear me, brave Blackfeet! A young Paleface approaches. He seeks, by trickery, to steal our hunting grounds!... May Great Manitou fill our hearts with hate and strengthen our arms!... Let us raise the tomahawk against this miserable Paleface with the heart of a prairie dog!



As for Paleface-with-eyes-of-the-Moon, he has warned us of danger that hangs over our heads, and will soon come upon Blackfeet. May Great Manitou heap blessings upon him!



Now let us raise the tomahawk ...



Pipe of peace! I can't remember where in the world we buried the hatchet when we finished our last bit of Fighting...



We've lost valuable time unravelling ourselves. It'll soon be dark now, Snowy, so we'd better pitch camp for the night and pick up the trail again in the morning.



We'll stop here ...



Tomorrow morning we'll set off at sunrise ... I'm determined that crook won't escape us again...



Just my luck! ... Tintin will be here in the morning, and I'll have to skedaddle ... They're going to find that tomahawk if it's the last thing they do!



Wakey, wakey, Snowy! On the road again!



Well, Chief?



Alas, Blackfeet still cannot find their tomahawk ... It is lost!

What then?

What then? ... It is quite simple: Blackfeet certainly cannot make war on Paleface. No tomahawk, no war!



Alcatraz and Sing Sing! ... Dumb redskins won't fight... I've gotta get out of here!



The tomahawk!

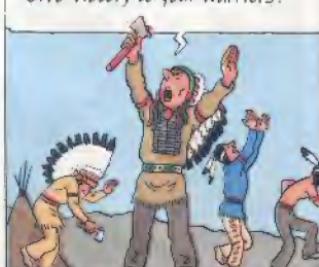


Our tomahawk is found! Great Manitou wants war!

I sure hit the jackpot!



Great Manitou! Great Manitou! Give victory to your warriors!



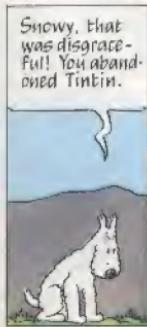
Away! ... To the horses! ... Death to the Paleface!





Hello, here come the Indians... I tell you Snowy, if I didn't know the redskins are peaceful nowadays, I'd be feeling a lot less sure of myself!

What's all this?... It's an odd sort of way to welcome a stranger!



Face it Snowy... You've got a yellow streak. For all you know, Tintin's in danger...

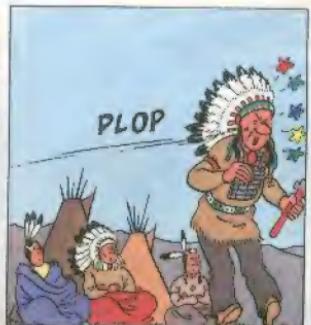


Hear, O Paleface, the words of Great Sachem... You have come among Blackfoot people with heart full of trickery and hate, like a sneaking dog. But now you are tied to torture stake. You shall pay Blackfeet for your treachery by suffering long. I have spoken!



Now, let my young braves practise their skills upon this Paleface with his soul of a coyote! Make him suffer long before you send him to land of his forefathers!





Take that, pesky little papoose! ... Shooting at me with a catapult! Do that again, and I'll have your scalp!



What a nerve! Behaving like that to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, the Great Sachem himself! ... Nasty brat!



They shouldn't let papoose play with catapult ...

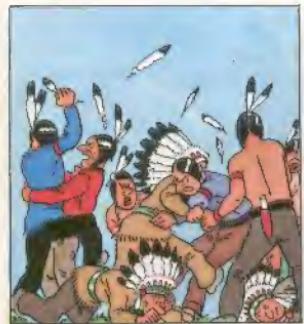
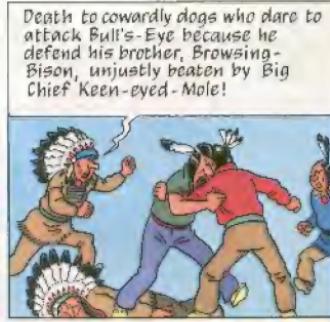
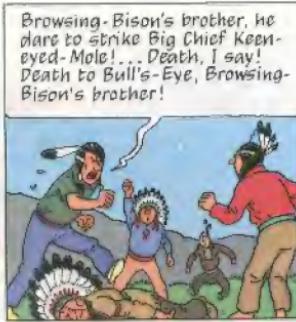


By Great Wacondah! ... You too! You dare show disrespect to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!

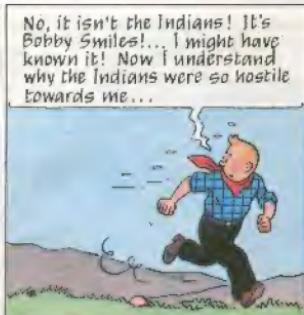


Sachem! You strike my brother! ... Browsing-Bison, he is innocent ... He do no wrong!

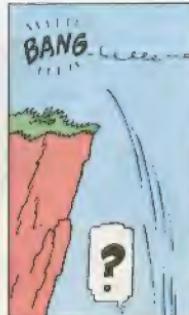




I can hear shooting... I hope nothing's happened to Tintin!



Snakes!... He's taking aim again!



?

Alcatraz!... What a drop!... The canyon goes down hundreds of feet... I can scarcely see the bottom...



Quick! Quick! I must save Tintin!



That'll teach you, smartalec! Meddling little busybody... I've got you out of my hair for good!

What's he looking at?... Surely it can't be... Tintin's fallen over that precipice?...



And now, back to Chicago.



Woah!... Woah!... Woah!



It's that dratted dog of Tintin's!... OK, he can follow his owner!



BANG

Woah!...



Hello, Snowy! We both seem to have come by the same route!



I fell into space, like you. It was fantastic: there was this bush, and I fell right into it. It bent and dropped 'me' on this ledge. So here I am, safe and sound, instead of smashed to bits in the canyon.



Still, we're only safe for the time being... I can't see any possible way of escape from here...



What are you sniffing at there, Snowy? ... Have you found something? ...

Good gracious! ... Amazing! ... It looks like some sort of cave... Why don't we see if it leads anywhere?

Here goes!

Where are we?

Careful, Snowy! ... Don't take any chances!

It's heading upwards more and more ...

Where are we going to come out?

Look! A huge gallery, decorated with Indian paintings...

The Blackfeet probably hid in this cave when they were being hunted by their enemies...

This is the other exit ...

Still going upwards! ... Where can this tunnel be leading?

Ah, now it's starting to go down ...

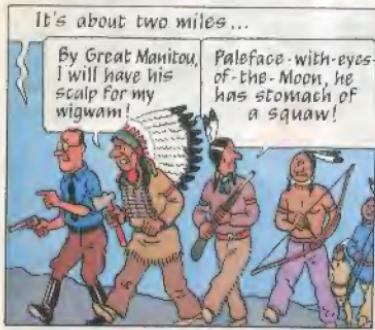
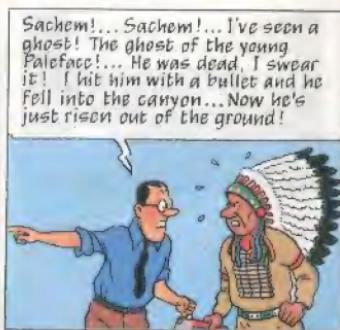
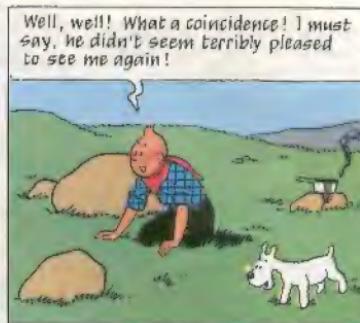
... then it's taking us up again, steeply ...

I've got shot of that no-good reporter at last! Now, before I hit the trail again, I'll have some food ... Too bad you're missing this, Tintin!

Hey, what goes on around here? Must be an earthquake! The ground's shaking under me ...



Whew! What a weight!



Over ten minutes since they went down. I wonder what's happening...



At last! There you are! ... Well?

Great Wacondah has sent victory to his braves! Little Paleface is vanquished.



Our great Sachem did the deed. He brings his victim...

Fine! Fine! ...



Yet again Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, he is worthy of his name. After heap big battle in darkness, with help of Great Wacondah, I, Sachem of Blackfeet, conquer the Paleface. Let my young warriors drag him from hole!



See! ... Pestilential prairie-dog! He trouble us no more.



By Great Manitou! It is not the young Paleface!

Wriggling rattlesnakes! I made mistake! It is Lamb Duck!



I have idea... Let us leave Little Paleface there, to starve to death in his burrow!

Do what you like, but get rid of him! This has gone on too long!



This end, heap big rock... other end, sheer drop! What can Paleface do? No way out but death...



Don't be afraid, Snowy. We aren't going to woulder away down here. They think we're trapped, but we're getting out. Look, I've emptied my cartridges and collected the powder. There! Now we'll blast their rocks to blazes!

You think it'll work?



You wait here, Snowy. I'm going to lay my charge...

Take care you don't blow us up as well!



Done it!... Now... there'll be a tremendous explosion... and that rock will pop like a champagne cork... Any minute now, we'll be free!...





Come on, Snowy, this won't do. We absolutely must get out of here... To work then! Let's try to dig another exit...



That's it... Slowly but surely, we're making progress... We'll get there, Snowy, you'll see. Come on, another little effort... Hello, the soil feels damp...



Great snakes!... OIL!...  
A liquid fortune, and no  
one to harness it!



Golly! And  
there's me,  
thinking that  
oil came out  
of a can!

OK, son! Here's the contract. Sign there!  
Five thousand dollars for your oil well...



Won't listen to that crook!... Sign  
here! Ten thousand dollars for  
your oil well!...



Here, Hiawatha! Twenty-  
five dollars, and half an  
hour to pack your bags  
and quit the territory!



Has Paleface  
gone mad?

Hey, buddy! Don't you sign!  
I'm offering twenty-five grand!



Fifty Gs!!...

A hundred!!!

I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but  
that oil well isn't mine to sell. It  
belongs to the Blackfoot Indians  
who live in this part of the  
country...



Why didn't  
you say that  
before?

Three hours later...



CACTUS &  
PETROLEUM  
BANK INC.

The next morning...

What's all  
the fuss?



Hey, you! Don't you know fancy dress is forbidden  
in town?... And keep out of the way of the  
traffic!... Where d'you think you are, anyway?...  
or something?

Out of luck again! With all that ballyhoo, Bobby Smiles managed to give us the slip... How can I possibly find him again now?



Alcatraz! ... I think he spotted me!



Station-master! Station-master! What time does the next train leave?

Next train, huh?... Tomorrow... Same time...



Beaten! He's defeated me again! ... Unless ...



Hey!... Look!... Over there!



So long, folks!... We'll send you a nice postcard!

Terribly sorry!... I'm only borrowing it! ...



Hooray! We're catching up! I can see smoke from the other train ...



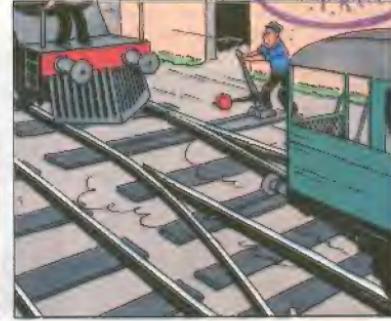
Hello? ... Block one-five-two? ... There's a loco running crazy on the track... Yes... She mustn't overtake the Flyer... Switch her on to number seven...



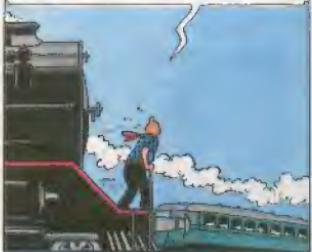
Right you are, boss! Count on me!



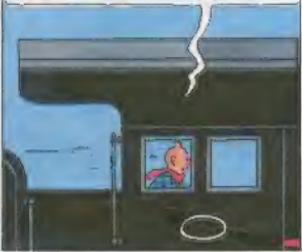
Phew! Just in time! Here comes the Flyer... with the runaway train on her tail...



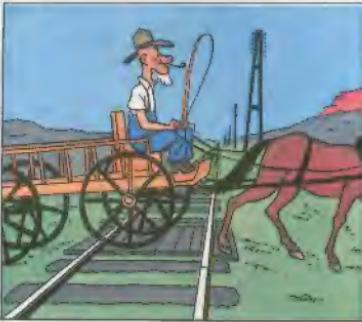
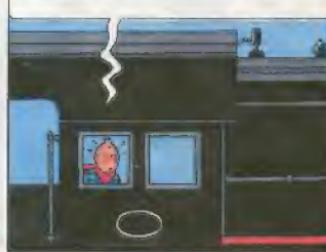
Drat! We've been switched to another track...



Quick, stop the engine, and back up. We'll soon be on the right track...



That's torn it! The brake lever's jammed. Now I understand. This engine was in for repairs!



Only one way to clear this here track, Jem, and that's dynamite. We got plenty of time. Next train won't be coming through till tomorrow morning...

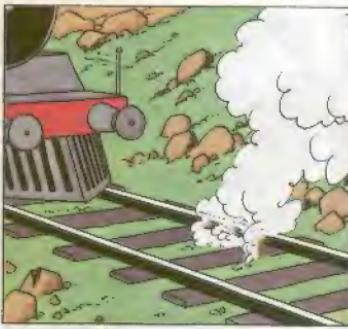
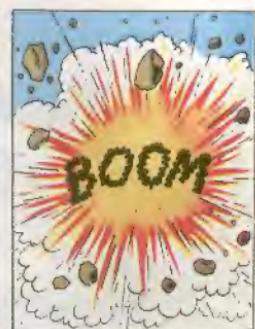
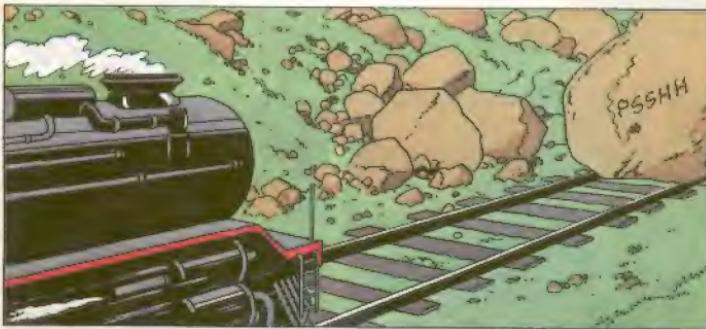


Sure was lucky we found this old boulder on the track, Slim. Just imagine if the Flyer was to hit it in the morning! ... Brother, what a wreck! Fair makes my blood freeze!

Slim!... Train's a'comin'... Quick!  
Light the fuse or she'll smash  
into the rock...



Help! We're done for!... A huge  
boulder on the track!



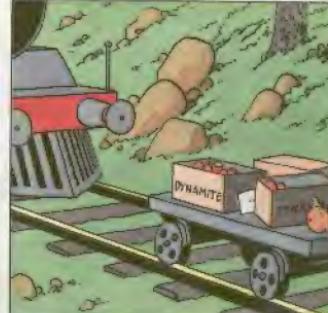
Boy, that sure was close!  
The dynamite went up in the  
nick of time! Two seconds  
later, and she'd have been  
blown to glory!

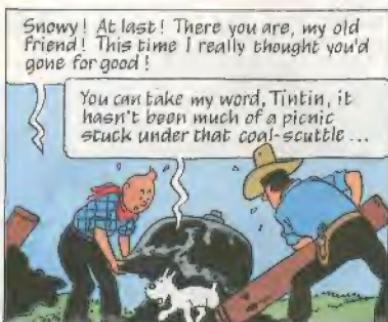


Leapin' lizards, Jem!... The  
trolley with our tools and the  
spare sticks of dynamite...  
It's there, half a mile down the  
track!... She's done for, she's  
a goner!



This is our lucky day, Snowy, and no  
mistake...





Now then, off we go. With the supplies those good fellows gave us, I'm not worried about facing the desert...



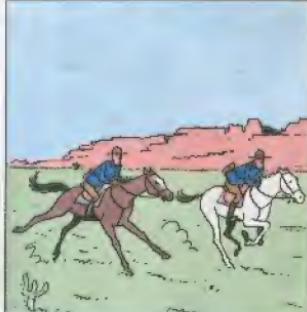
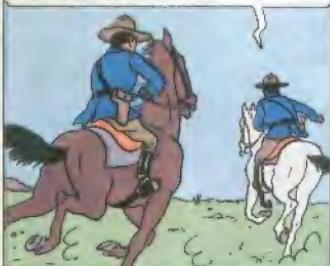
In a small town, some miles away...



Yeah, that's all I know... When I came into the bank this morning, like I always do, there was the boss, and the safe wide open... I raised the alarm, and we hanged a few fellers right away... but the thief got clear...



With tracks like that, we'll soon catch him!



After the robbery he got away through the window... Say, look at his footprints... a dead giveaway. See that: just one row of nails on the right boot...



Madre de Dios! Thees footsteps, they geev me away pronto, pronto... What to do?...



Aaaaah!... Up we get! Siesta's finished. Come on Snowy: on our way...



Hello! What an extraordinary thing. These aren't my boots. They have nails, and spurs as well... How very peculiar... I can't understand it...



It's really quite extraordinary...



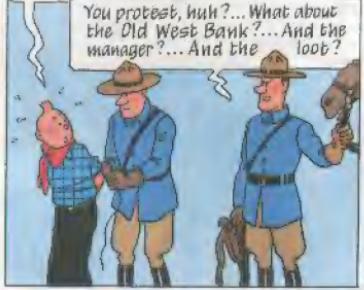
Look at those tracks... I'd say he was trying to disguise them... But he can't fool us... We'll soon catch up with him!



OK buddy... You're under arrest!



But why? I protest!...



We'll be back in town by dark...

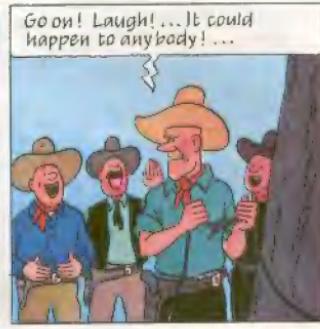


They're back!... They're back! They got the bank-robber!



Nothing we can do, Fred... It's a lynch mob!...

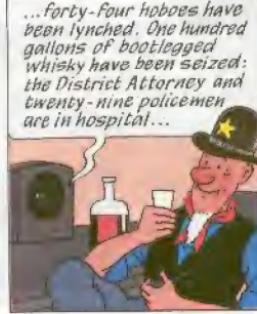




Meanwhile



Here are yesterday's facts and figures from the City Bureau of Statistics: twenty-four banks have failed, twenty-four managers are in jail. Thirty-five babies have been kidnapped...



*Hold on, folks, we have a news flash! We just heard the notorious bandit Pedro Ramirez has been arrested while trying to cross the State line. He confessed to yesterday's robbery at the Old West Bank...*



I jes' gotta save him!  
... No one's gonna  
say that the  
Sheriff ...



Let 'em lynch an innocent feller... 'Specially since I'm the only one who knows he ain't guilty... Aw, now, one more glass... Las' one...



Git movin', Sheriff...  
My, ain't this whisky  
jes' delicious...Now



Let's go... to stop... this...  
here... hanging...



Mus'n't hang around...Mus'get there  
 in time...hic...to stop them...hic...  
 wronging the hangman... hic...no...  
 hanging the wrong man... Ha! Ha!  
 Ain't that a joke?... If I get  
 hung up...hic...he'll...be strung  
 up...Hee! hee!  
 That's a good one... hic...





An' I say... hic... the  
guilty ish innocent  
... ish the... hic... the  
radio... No... ish  
the whisky ... thasse  
guilty!



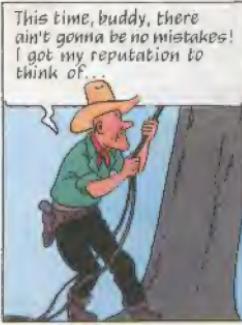
**VOLSTEAD ACT**  
WHOEVER SHALL BE FOUND  
IN A DRUNKEN STATE  
IN A STATE OR TERRITORY  
PRISON  
FINE  
CONFISCATED  
UTMOST SEVERITY  
SHERIFF



Right, are you ready?



This time, buddy, there ain't gonna be no mistakes! I got my reputation to think of...



No! ... Lemme have a go! I'll show you how!

Leave it to me!



I'm gonna hang him!

No, I am!

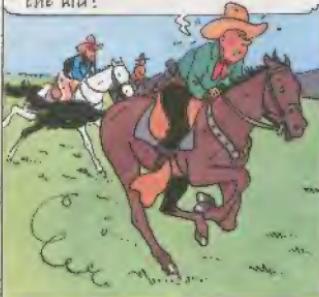
No, me!



No good trying to tell them I'm innocent. Better get out of here... and make it fast!



Trust Big Jim to take off on that mustang of his... Like always, he'll be the lucky guy and catch the kid!



Beats me... he's gone and disappeared some place... I know he was near this tree, last I saw of him... But I'll get him for sure, or my name ain't Big Jim!



Yippee! He went out like a light...  
Saved!... They've given up the chase...



It's growing dark now. We'll camp here for the night, Snowy, and make a fresh start in the morning.



A puma?...



And a stag!... Since when have deer chased pumas?... It doesn't make sense...



But... what in the world's going on?...



The prairie's on fire!



Not a moment to lose!... Run for it!...

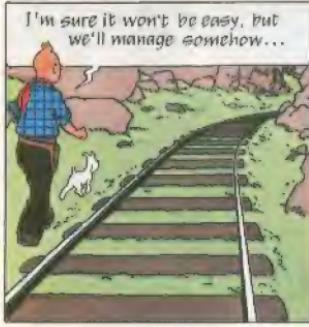
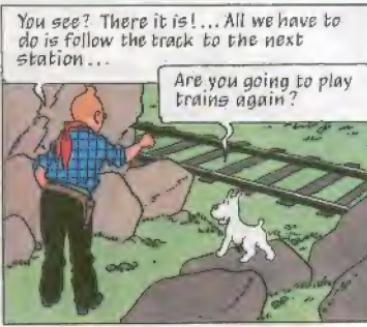


Help! The fire's gaining on us...



We're caught!!

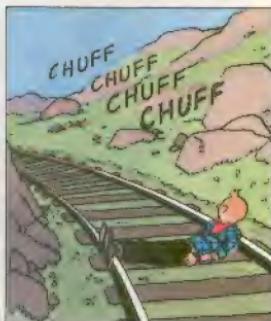
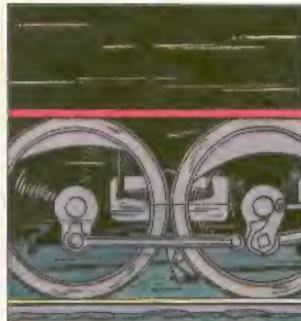
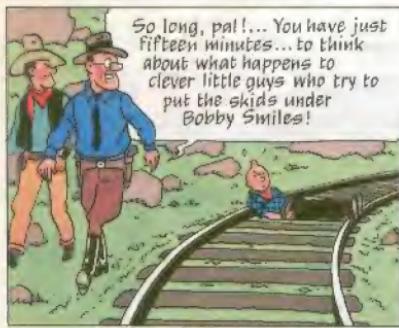


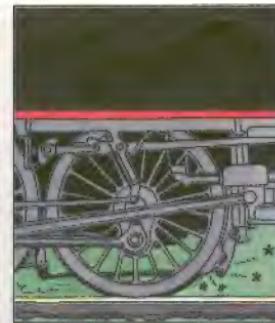
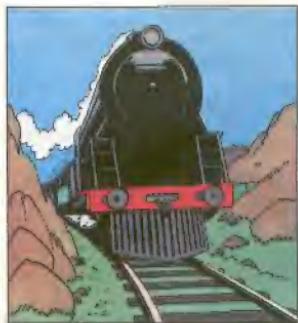


Well, well! I'm glad to have spared you a longer search... By the way, I was planning to wreck the Flyer... A cool half million bucks in the mail coach... But on second thoughts, I won't bother...



No, I won't bother. I'd rather let the train go on its way. Big of me, isn't it? But naturally, I'll see you tied securely on the track first...





Yes, it was me!... It is a disgrace!... I saw a puma attacking a deer. As a member of the American Association of Animal Admirers I positively insist that you do something... right now!



What?! Lady, you stopped the Flyer for that?... Fifty dollars Fine!



TRRIT



I'm sure I heard a whistle... So I can't be dead...



Now what's the matter? I heard someone hollering...



Smouldering smokestacks! You sure can thank your stars!



Next morning...

Now, let's have a look at the news... They should surely have found his body by now...

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

FAMED BOY REPORTER CHEATS GANGLAND KILLER

From our Railroad Correspondent



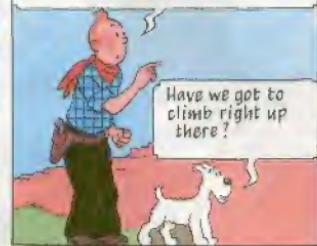
Our dear Bobby Smiles will have quite a surprise when sees me reappear!



Oho, we're coming to the mountains...



There's a cabin up there... Can that be it?... What a superb hideout: a real eagle's nest...



We don't often go climbing... Good practice for us, Snowy!...



You know, Tintin, some people do this for fun!



Wait a minute... He's very nearly there... Now for the big laugh...



One... two... three!... Up she goes! ... And this, Tintin, is one story you won't write!



I had to blow up half the mountain, but, boy, it did the trick!

Tintin, my dear departed friend, here's to you!

And to you, too!

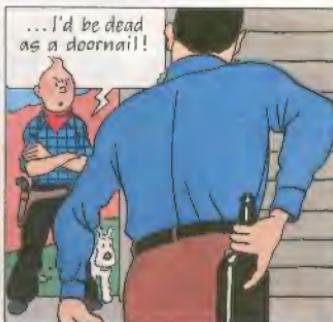
Back from the dead!



Back from the dead, indeed! If I hadn't been protected by an overhanging rock...



...I'd be dead as a doornail!



Well, better late than never!



Believe me, it's far better to give in. As you see, I always get there in the end.



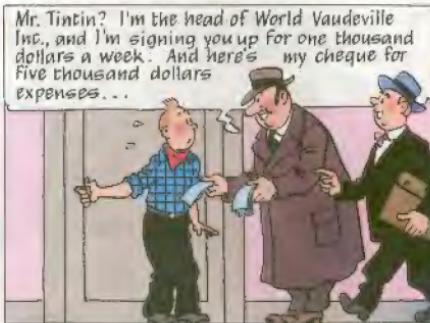
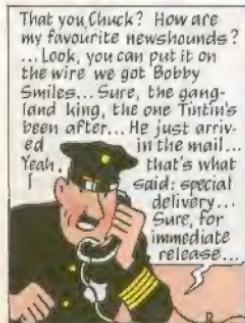
Three days later, in Chicago...

Hello?... Yeah?... Chief of Police?... That's me!... Tintin?... Nope! Not a squeak... Been gone a long while now... Trouble?... Sure is!... Nope... Ain't heard a word...



Come in!





You're booked for PanTechnicon Radio, Mr. Tintin... Two thousand dollars a week for exclusive fireside chats...

Five thousand dollars

Paranoid Productions are starring you in their new billion-dollar movie spectacular



I have a message for you, sir! Profit from our new religion! Join the Brothers of Neo-judeo-buddho-islamo-americanism, and earn the highest dividends in the world!



If you want to see your dog again, alive, the price is \$50,000. If you agree, put a white handkerchief in your window. Otherwise ...

Hello, hello! Reception?... This is Tintin!... My dog's been kidnapped... Yes, Snowy! Don't let anyone leave the hotel... What?... Your house detective?... Good...



What can I do?... What can I do?... If I refuse, Snowy dies! But give in to threats? Never!... So, what can I do?... What?... What?...



RAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT

Come in!



You're Tintin?... OK... Someone took your dog. Ransom. You're stuck, huh? Right, ain't I?... Good... See? Nobody can fool me for one instant, no siree!... Let me introduce my-...

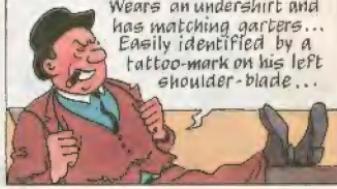
H-how d'y'you do?



Mind if I begin detecting?



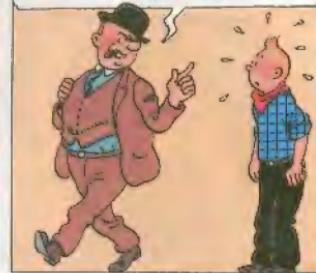
Right, here's the picture... Your dog's asleep. Someone comes in. Chloro-forms the pooh. Puts him in a sack... the kidnapper is thirty-three years and six weeks old. Speaks English with an Eskimo accent. Smokes "Paper Dollar" cigarettes. Wears an undershirt and has matching garters... Easily identified by a tattoo-mark on his left shoulder-blade...



The kidnapper has a slight limp with the right foot; cut himself trimming a corn the day before yesterday. And one more detail: snores in his sleep... When I tell you, sir, his grandfather was scalped by the Sioux forty years ago, and he has a profound dislike for birdnest soup, you know everything I've spotted from a quick look round.



I'll be back within the hour... with your dog, of course.



What powers of deduction!... And what assurance!... A real Sherlock Holmes! I really didn't think detectives like that existed, except in books!



An hour later...



Come in!



Hey presto!... Your dog!



Monster!... You!... You stole my little Fritzy!



Duchh! The good lady certainly didn't spare the rod!



The good lady?... What's all this about a good lady?... The attacker, sir, hit me over the head with a Javanese club. It was a man, twenty-two years old, with two back teeth missing. Wears rubber-soled shoes and is a regular reader of the "Saturday Evening Post".



Sure I'm sure! This time he won't escape me. You'll have your dog back within the hour!



Well done. Thank you very much. But we've already spent enough time getting nowhere. I think I'll continue the case myself.



Chicago Tribune!... New York Herald!... Daily News!...



Aha! The white handkerchief in the window... He's gonna pay up!



Give me a Tribune, a Times, a Herald, a News and a Globe... the lot!

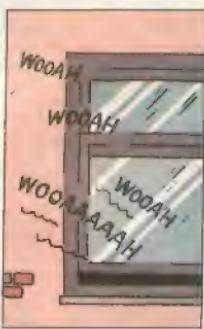
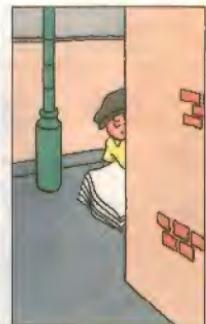


Still nothing in the papers... That's good: means he hasn't called in the cops!



THE  
MOONSHINE  
CLUB  
SPEAKEASY  
BOTTLEGGERS  
TO THE  
WHITE HOUSE





All the same, I'm going to keep an eye on the building ...



Careful... That's him coming out... Great Snakes!... Look, that parcel ...



It's Snowy! I know it is!



He's hitting him! ... I must do something!



If I dash round the block, I can lie in wait on the corner...



A stick! ... That's handy! Just what I need right now...



Steady... Cool, calm and collected... He's coming...



Oops! ... Sorry!



Say, what's going on? ... If I'm seen around here I'll be picked up for sure... Beat it, Bugsie boy!



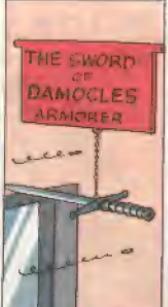
Crikey, what a bloomer! ... I'd better get out, and fast! ... I'm in dead trouble if I'm caught!



BANG BANG



THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES ARMOURER



You there! Yes you, baby-face! Come with me!

Here he is, sir!  
Little hoodlum!

Name and occupation?

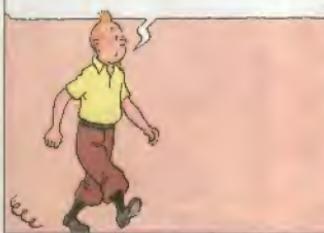
LIBRARY  
L.I.T.K.G.P.



You have to pardon me, Mr Tintin, for keeping you so long...



The trouble is, now I've lost track of the kidnapper... I'd better go back to the place I last saw him and try to pick up the trail.



This is where I hit that poor policeman by mistake... Let's see, I reckon this is the way he went...



Excuse me, officer, but have you by any chance seen a man in a cloth cap, with a large parcel under his arm?... Somewhere here, about an hour ago?...



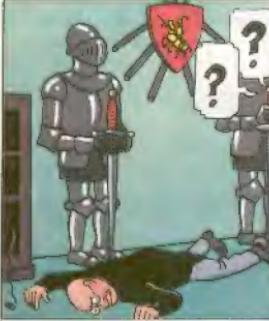
Yeah, I noticed the guy. Came past here. Then over there, on the corner, he got into a red sedan... seemed to be waiting for him. They took off in the direction of Silvermount.

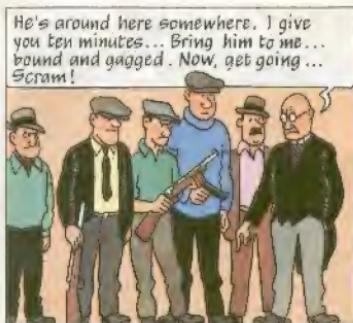
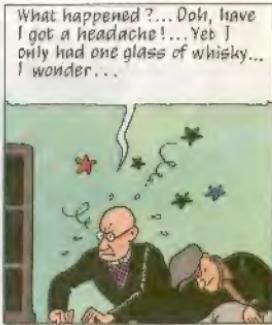
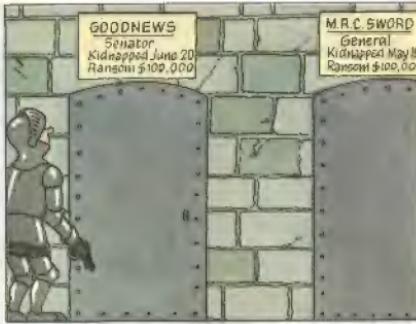


A red sedan? A red sedan just came out of those gates...

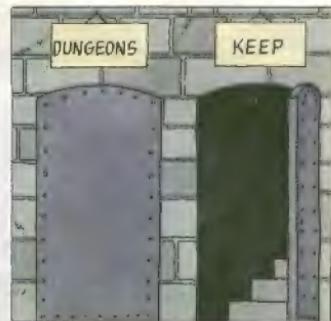
So you got away scot free after your third job... That's great, great. Now, listen to this... I'm planning that we turn our little venture into a regular business operation. Everything legit. We'll advertise, something like: "Need a snatch? Call the experts, KID-NAP INC. Speedy, discreet, and our victims never talk... guaranteed. Town and country service."

Excuse me while I fetch you the byelaws of our future corporation...

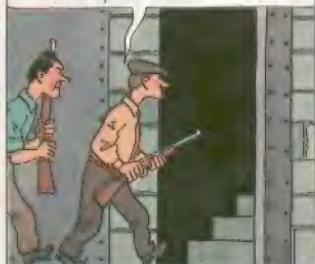




At least a dozen of them  
after us. I can hear  
their footsteps  
already.



He went this way... Look, he left the door open...



There! All gone in! Full house!



What about that, eh Snowy?... No one noticed the signs had been switched... So now we lock them all in the keep.



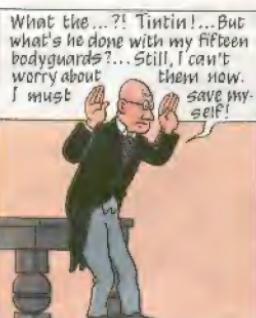
Now that bunch are under lock and key, we must take care of the other three.



Half an hour! It's half an hour since they left, and not one single sound have I heard. It's positively creepy...



Hands up!



Next morning...

...Number one reporter Tintin triumphs again with a gang of dangerous crooks handed over to the police... a kidnap syndicate busted by the young sleuth. The cops also netted an important haul of confidential files. Still at large is the gang's mastermind, now the object of intense police activity...



The object of intense police activity!... Ha! ha! ha!... The "object" is going to show what he thinks of your activities... He's got another card up his sleeve!... Hello?... Maurice?... Yes, it's me... You still with Grynde?



Next morning...

THE DIRECTORS OF  
GRYNDE  
HAVE PLEASURE IN INVITING  
Mr. Tintin  
TO VISIT  
THEIR NEW PLANT

Well, well! An invitation to see the Grynde cannery. That should be extremely interesting. I think I'll go...

Correction!  
We'll go,  
you mean.



An economy measure to beat the depression... We do a deal with the automobile plants. They send us scrap cars and we convert them into top-grade corned-beef cans. We reciprocate by collecting old corned-beef cans and we ship them to the car producers for reprocessing into super-sport automobiles...



You see this huge machine? Here's how it works. The cattle go in here on a conveyor belt, nose to tail...



...and come out the other end as corned-beef, or sausages, or cooking fat, or whatever. It's completely automatic...



Now, you keep right behind me and I'll show you how the processor works...



If you fell in there you'd be mashed in a trice by those enormous grinders... Look, down there, below you...

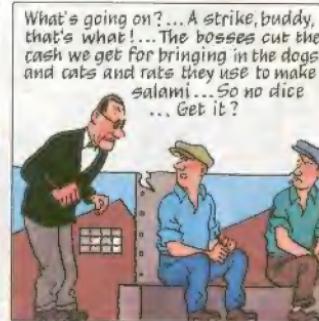
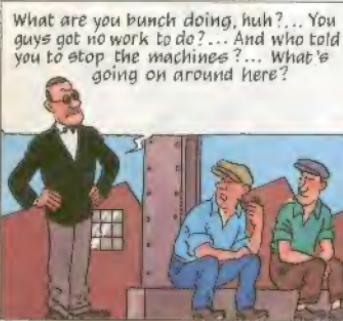


That'd be no joke!

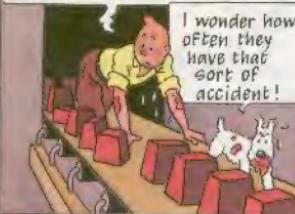


Ha! ha! ha! ha!

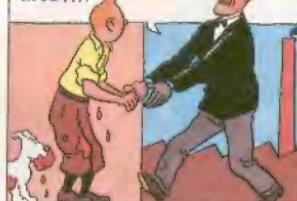




Heavens, what an escape! We're all in one piece... If that machine hadn't stopped suddenly we'd be coming out of here in neat little cans.



Oh, my good sir! What a relief! There you are, safe and sound... I stopped the machine right away, but oh, how I suffered in those terrible minutes!...



...believe me, dear Mr Tintin, I most bitterly regret this dreadful accident. You have, all too literally, had an inside view of our business...



It looks pretty phoney to me... The invitation, the over-friendly manager, and then that peculiar accident...



Yes, it's me, boss... We're back to where we started... While I was calling you a strike blew up and they stopped the machines... I'm afraid so... Alive and kicking... But... What could I do?... I...



Bungling jackass!... Cut the sob stuff. You don't let a chance like that slip!... Sure! sure! At least I'll know in future that I can't rely on you!... That's all... As for the five thousand dollars... forget it!



But boss... Don't hang up, boss... I... Hello? ... Hello?... Heck!... He's hung up on me!

Aha! Just as well I slipped back... You hear some interesting things around here!

I'm in the doghouse!

Hello?... Yes?... You again, Maurice? ... Now what do you want?... Oh?... Oho!... Good... That's very good! Well done. That's really great... I'll be there in five minutes... Be seeing you, Maurice!



Mr Maurice Dyle, please.



Hello, my dear Maurice.



What?... Are you joking?... You say you didn't call?... You aren't playing me for a sucker, by any chance?... Well... Are you?



OK! That'll teach you not to play games with me!



It's a mistake to leave your pistol lying about, my dear chap!



A mistake?... You think so? ... Not really: that gun's empty.



This is a far more effective weapon: my trusty sword-stick...



... and it's going to put a stop to your nasty habit of meddling in things that don't concern you... It's going to cure you... permanently!





Yes, gentlemen...



...our whole profession is on the verge of ruin. In a matter of weeks two of our most important executives, and many of their dedicated aides have paid with their freedom for the valour with which they attacked... the enemy... Gentlemen, this cannot go on. Soon it will be as hazardous for us to stay in business as to live as honest citizens. Gang-... On behalf of the Central Committee of the Distressed... stars Association I protest against this unfair discrimination! Forget your private feuds; stand shoulder to shoulder against this mischief-making reporter! Unite against the common enemy, and swear to take no rest until this wicked newshound is six feet under the ground!... I thank you!



Three cheers for the boss!

Bravo! Bravo!

You've said it!



...and so I raise my glass to our young and shining hero, a newsmen as fearless as he is modest... who, with quiet courage, in a matter of weeks, has struck terror into the heart of every gangster...



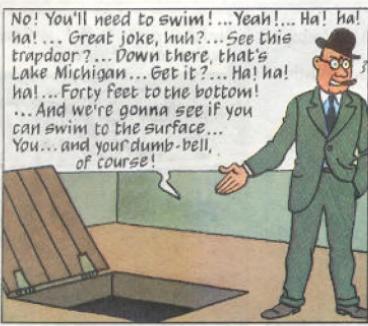
I must say these official dinners are a bit of a bore...

You may be certain, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall take away unforgettable memories of my short stay in America. With a full heart I say to you...

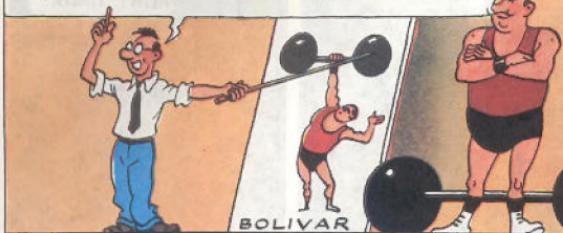
...and to crown it all... I... hic... I've got... hic... hiccupps...



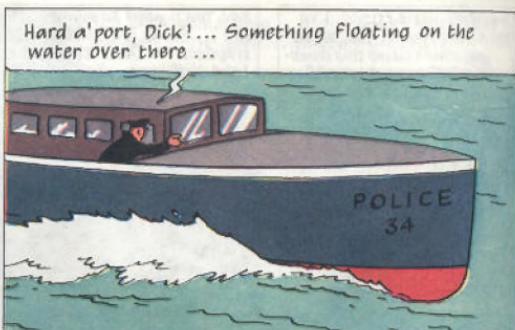
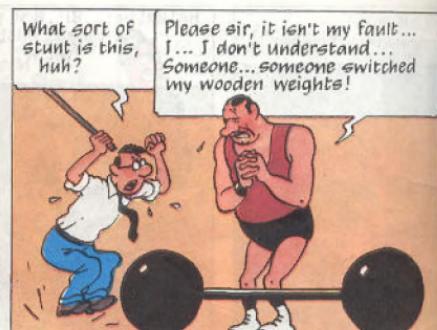




Ladies and gentlemen! It is my privilege and pleasure to present the strongest man in the world... I give you the Great Bolivar!... Mr. Billy Bolivar... Before your very eyes he will perform amazing feats of strength...



The single-handed snatch, the speciality of the Great Bolivar... Mr. Billy Bolivar... The lift with a laugh!... Right, Mr Bolivar!



Hey!... You!... I recognise you!... You're Tintin, ain't that so?... Well, bad luck, feller! I have to tell you this boat is just rigged up as a police patrol, and all of us, we belong to the mob who chucked you into the lake!



Watch out! There'll be more of them! ...



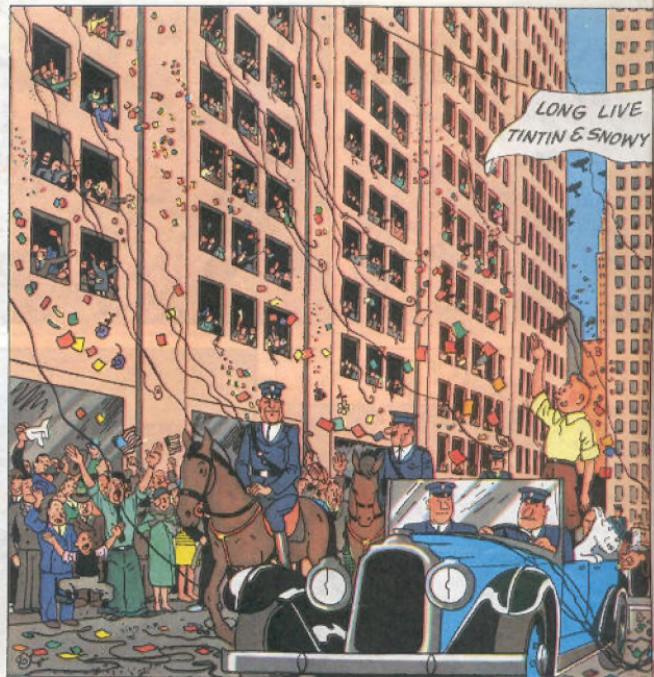
Let them come!... I'm ready and waiting!



OK, pilot, what'll it be? A quick trip to the nearest police post with you at the helm, or a brief encounter with this?



Sensational developments in the Tintin story!... The famous and friendly reporter reappears! Tintin, missing some days back from a banquet in his honour, led police to the hideout of the Central Syndicate of Chicago Gangsters. Apprehended were 355 suspects, and police collected hundreds of documents, expected to lead to many more arrests... This is a major clean-up for the city of Chicago... Mr Tintin admitted that the gangsters had been ruthless enemies, cruel and desperate men. More than once he nearly lost his life in the heat of his fight against crime... Today is his day of glory. We know that every American will wish to show his gratitude, and honour Tintin the reporter and his faithful companion Snowy, heroes who put out of action the bosses of Chicago's underworld!



After a full round of celebrations, Tintin and Snowy embark for Europe...

